WATCHMEN

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WATCHMEN

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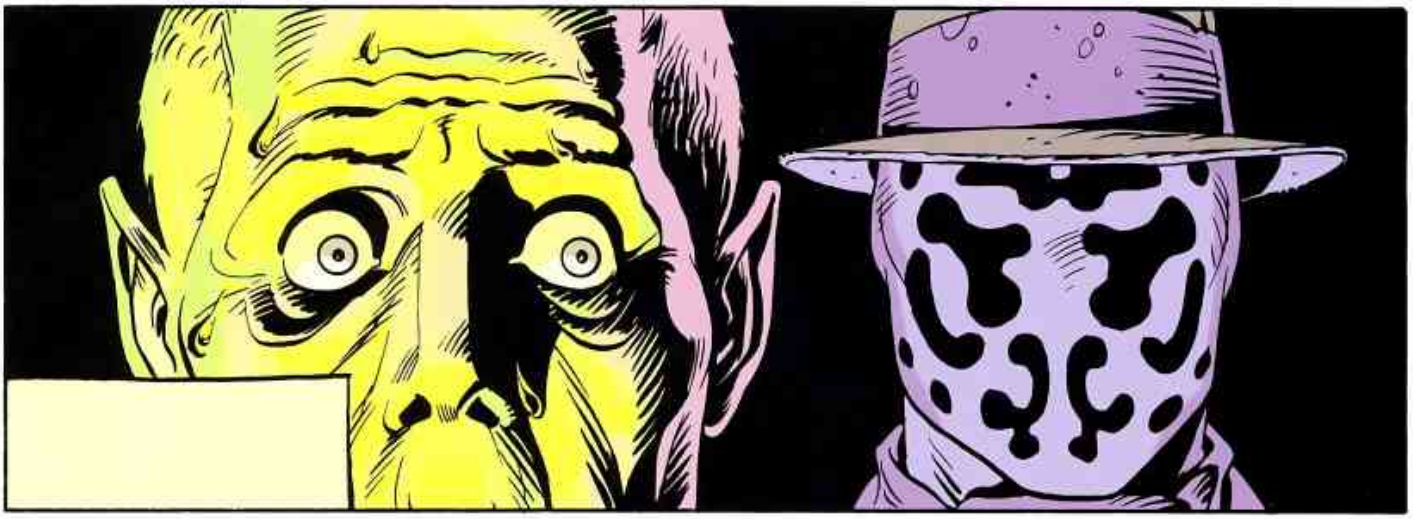
New York Gazette
RUSSIANS INVADE
AFGHANISTAN
HWUH ...?
H-HELLO?
WHO'S THERE?
1

C'MON... I HEARD A NOISE. I KNOW SOMEBODY'S THERE...
HELLO?
UH-HUH.
I SEE.
WELL, OKAY.
OKAY, IF THAT'S HOW IT IS...
IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT TO PLAY IT.
YOU THINK I'M SCARED, HUH?
YOU THINK I'M SCARED OF SOME SHAKY LITTLE JUNKIE WITH A SWITCHBLADE?
HUH?
IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK, THAT I'M SCARED?
HELLO?
2

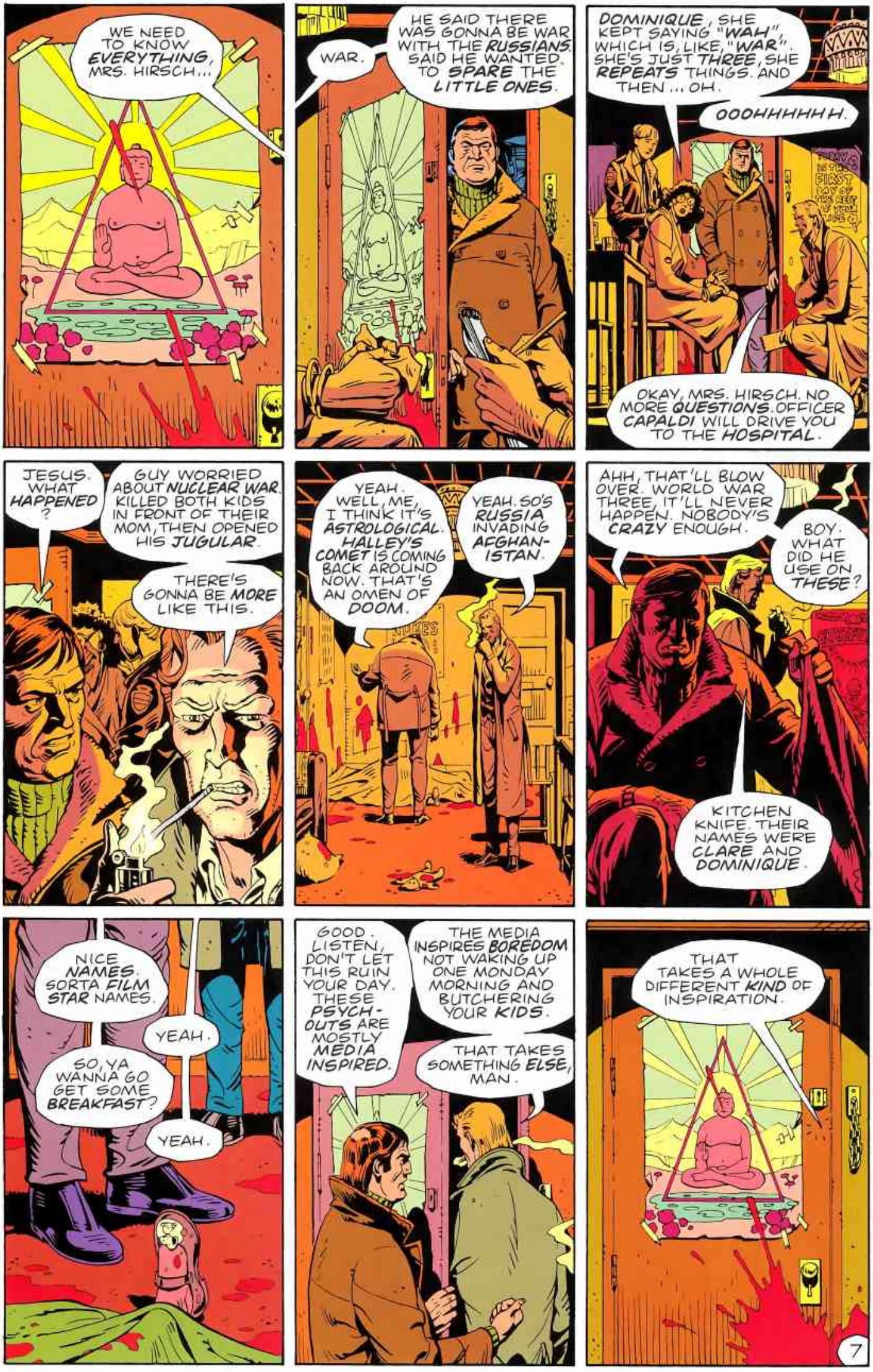
BeHind
you.
JJ.
3



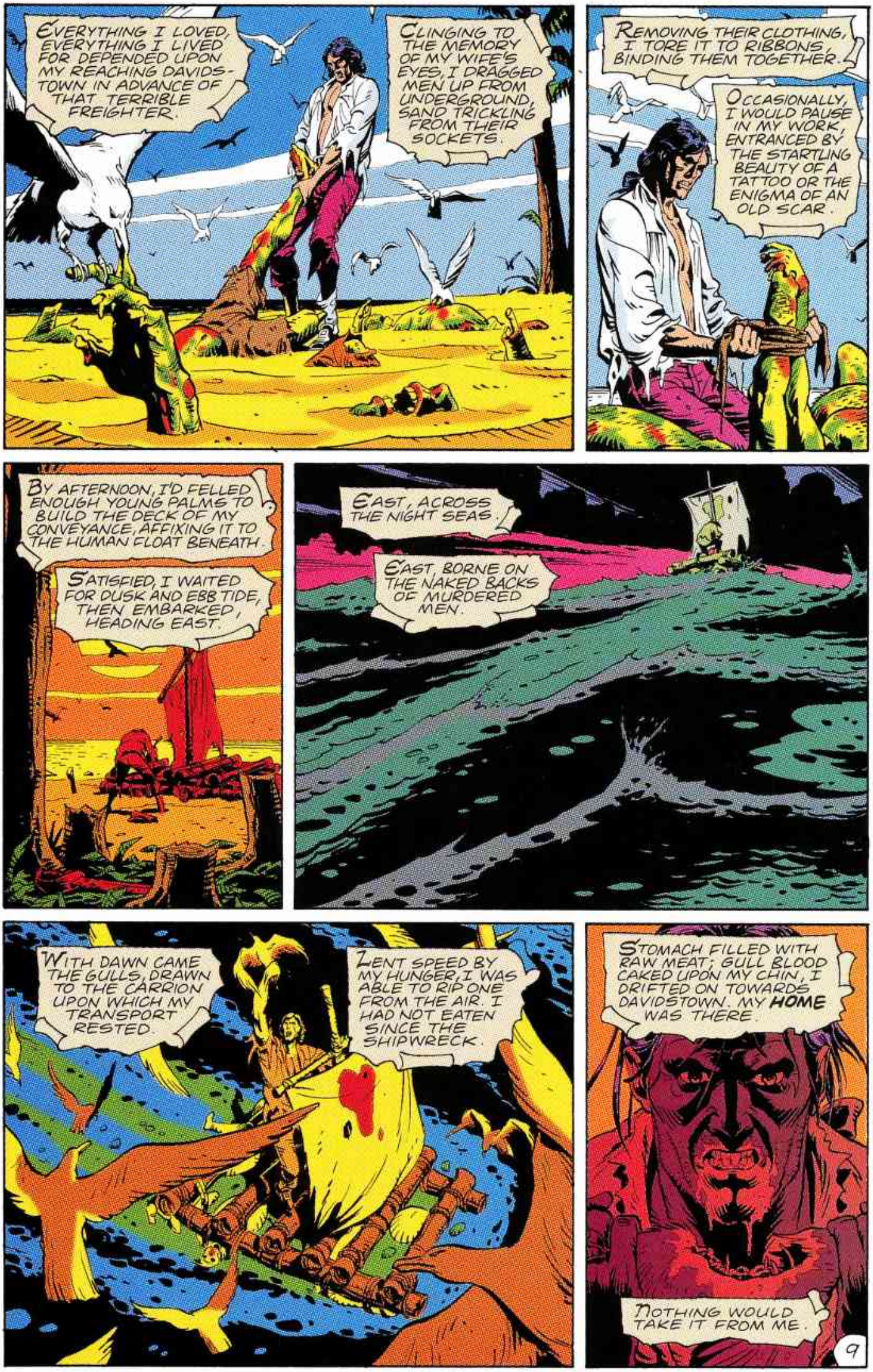
FEARFUL SYMMETRY

ALSO, YOU'RE SWEATING. LOOKS UNPLEASANT.
SHOULD COOL DOWN.
AAK!
OH, GOD ... LOOK, PLEASE, WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?
NOTHING. JUST PASSING.
OLD AND ALONE. THOUGHT YOU MIGHT APPRECIATE COMPANY.
THEN, UH, C-CAN I GET OUT OF THE FRIDGE?
NO.
THOUGHT WE MIGHT DISCUSS COMEDIAN. HE VISITED HERE. MENTIONED A LIST = YOU AND JANEY SLATER ON IT. TALKED ABOUT SOMEONE MESSING WITH DR. MANHATTAN.
DAYS LATER, MANHATTAN PUBLICLY DISGRACED. FORCED INTO EXILE.
ALLEGATIONS HE'D GIVEN PEOPLE CANCER: YOU, JANEY SLATER.
TOUGH BREAK.
BUT... I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHY ARE YOU LAYING ALL THIS HEAT ON ME?
BECAUSE I THINK BLAKE'S LIST WAS CANCER LIST. SOMEBODY WROTE IT. SOMEBODY PUT YOUR NAME ON IT. SOMEBODY GAVE IT TO THE MEDIA.
WONDER WHO?
FUNNY... DR. MANHATTAN AND COMEDIAN WERE ALWAYS YOUR BIGGEST ENEMIES. NOW THEY'RE BOTH GONE. VERY CONVENIENT.
WHO IS IT, MOLOCH?
WHO'S BEHIND THIS?
I... I DON'T KNOW. I ALREADY TOLD YOU. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING.
NO GOOD. WRONG TONE OF VOICE.
NOT CONVINCING ENOUGH.
OH NO. OH NO, GOD, DON'T...
RORSCHACH, PLEASE, IT WASN'T ME. I DON'T KNOW!
I DON'T KNOW WHO IT WAS!
5

HURRM.
BETTER.
OUHH.
OH GOD. OH GOD ...
GOING NOW. IF ANYTHING SHOULD REFRESH MEMORY, CONTACT ME BY LEAVING NOTE, TRASH CAN OPPOSITE GUNGA DINER, AT FORTIETH AND SEVENTH.
PLUS, GET GUN LICENSE. SOON.
YES. AHHUHH. OH, GOD, YES, ANYTHING ...
SORRY ABOUT MESS.
CAN'T MAKE OMELETTE WITHOUT BREAKING FEW EGGS.
RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL. OCTOBER 21ST, 1985 :
LEFT JACOBI'S HOUSE 2:35 a.m. He knows nothing about any attempt to discredit DR. Manhattan. He has simply been used.
BY WHOM ? Russians seem OBVIOUS CHOICE : Manhattan and Comedian BOTH KEY MILITARY FIGURES.
BUT Comedian referred to an island, ARTISTS and WRITERS LIVING on IT. DOESN'T FIT.
can't concentrate. TOO TIRED. no sleep since SATURDAY.
WALKED HOME past TRASHCANS STUFFED WITH RUMORS OF WAR, WEIGHING FACTORS; BODIES; MOTIVES...
WAITING FOR a FLASH OF ENLIGHTENMENT IN ALL THIS BLOOD AND THUNDER.
6


WE NEED TO KNOW EVERYTHING, MRS. HIRSCH...
WAR.
HE SAID THERE WAS GONNA BE WAR WITH THE RUSSIANS. SAID HE WANTED TO SPARE THE LITTLE ONES.
DOMINIQUE, SHE KEPT SAYING "WAH", WHICH IS, LIKE, "WAR". SHE'S JUST THREE, SHE REPEATS THINGS. AND THEN... OH.
OOOHHHHHH.
OKAY, MRS. HIRSCH. NO MORE QUESTIONS. OFFICER CAPALDI WILL DRIVE YOU TO THE HOSPITAL.
JESUS. WHAT HAPPENED?
GUY WORRIED ABOUT NUCLEAR WAR, KILLED BOTH KIDS IN FRONT OF THEIR MOM, THEN OPENED HIS JUGULAR.
THERE'S GONNA BE MORE LIKE THIS.
YEAH. WELL, ME, I THINK IT'S ASTROLOGICAL. HALLEY'S COMET IS COMING BACK AROUND NOW. THAT'S AN OMEN OF DOOM.
YEAH. SO'S RUSSIA INVADING AFGHANISTAN.
AHH, THAT'LL BLOW OVER. WORLD WAR THREE, IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN. NOBODY'S CRAZY ENOUGH.
BOY. WHAT DID HE USE ON THESE?
KITCHEN KNIFE. THEIR NAMES WERE CLARE AND DOMINIQUE.
NICE NAMES. SORTA FILM STAR NAMES.
YEAH.
SO, YA WANNA GO GET SOME BREAKFAST?
YEAH.
GOOD. LISTEN, DON'T LET THIS RUIN YOUR DAY. THESE PSYCH-OUTS ARE MOSTLY MEDIA INSPIRED.
THE MEDIA INSPIRES BOREDOM NOT WAKING UP ONE MONDAY MORNING AND BUTCHERING YOUR KIDS.
THAT TAKES SOMETHING ELSE, MAN.
THAT TAKES A WHOLE DIFFERENT KIND OF INSPIRATION.

MY HOME AND FAMILY WERE DOOMED, MY WORLD REDUCED TO RUIN. FATE HAD DEALT ITS HAND CASUALLY, DESPITE MY BITTER PROTESTATIONS.
HEY, TURKEY! QUIT SPLASHING!
TALES OF THE ARK
WHERE SHOULD I RECHARGE?
NOW QUIT OBSTRUCTIN' THE CURRENT...
THE SAME WAVES GNAWED MY ISLAND AND DAVIDSTOWN ALIKE, YET SWIMMING WOULD SURELY BE MADNESS
NEWS
S'BETTER. GOT TODAY'S GAZETTE?
SURE. THIS WAR'S LOOKIN' SERIOUS. MAKES A GUY START FIGURING ESCAPE ROUTES, Y'KNOW?
IT WAS THEN I CONCEIVED OF BUILDING A RAFT...
I MEAN, MY FATHER, WHEN THINGS DETERIORATED IN 'THIRTIES GERMANY, HE SPLIT.
SURE. IN WORLD WAR TWO. IN WORLD WAR THREE, WHERE'S TO SPLIT TO?
... ALTHOUGH INWARDLY I DOUBTED IT WOULD FLOAT.
ANYWAYS, THAT'S ENOUGH JUICE TO MAKE CONNECTICUT. SEE YOU NEXT DELIVERY DAY.
YEAH. SURE...
THE ISLAND'S TREES DID NOT LOOK BUOYANT ENOUGH TO REACH DAVIDSTOWN. NOT UNAIDED...
SUDDENLY, I RECALLED THE GAS-BLOATED STOMACHS OF THE BURIED MEN, THEN SHUDDERED AT THE IDEA I FOUND MYSELF CONSIDERING.
"WHERE'S TO SPLIT TO?"
HUMM.
NEWS
I ATTEMPTED TO BANISH THIS REPULSIVE NOTION...
AHH, IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN. WONDER WHAT'S DELAYIN' THE NEW FRONTIERSMAN?
... BUT IT WOULD NOT LET ME BE.
NEXT MONTH'S COMIC BOOKS ARRIVE EARLY, TODAY'S FRONTIERSMAN ARRIVES LATE.
GODDAMN WAR'S SCREWIN' EVERYTHING UP.
FINALLY APPROACHING THE SHALLOW GRAVE, I BEGAN DIGGING. MY SCHEME WAS LOATHSOME, BUT I HAD NO CHOICE
NOT WHEN I CONSIDERED THE NATURE OF MY SITUATION.
SHEE-IT!
ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING.
8


EVERYTHING I LOVED, EVERYTHING I LIVED FOR DEPENDED UPON MY REACHING DAVIDSTOWN IN ADVANCE OF THAT TERRIBLE FREIGHTER.
CLINGING TO THE MEMORY OF MY WIFE'S EYES, I DRAGGED MEN UP FROM UNDERGROUND, SAND TRICKLING FROM THEIR SOCKETS.
REMOVING THEIR CLOTHING, I TORE IT TO RIBBONS, BINDING THEM TOGETHER.
OCCASIONALLY, I WOULD PAUSE IN MY WORK, ENTRANCED BY THE STARTLING BEAUTY OF A TATTOO OR THE ENIGMA OF AN OLD SCAR.
BY AFTERNOON, I'D FELLED ENOUGH YOUNG PALMS TO BUILD THE DECK OF MY CONVEYANCE, AFFIXING IT TO THE HUMAN FLOAT BENEATH.
SATISFIED, I WAITED FOR DUSK AND EBB TIDE, THEN EMBARKED, HEADING EAST.
EAST, ACROSS THE NIGHT SEAS.
EAST BORNE ON THE NAKED BACKS OF MURDERED MEN.
WITH DAWN CAME THE GULLS, DRAWN TO THE CARRION UPON WHICH MY TRANSPORT RESTED.
LENT SPEED BY MY HUNGER, I WAS ABLE TO RIP ONE FROM THE AIR. I HAD NOT EATEN SINCE THE SHIPWRECK.
STOMACH FILLED WITH RAW MEAT; GULL BLOOD CAKED UPON MY CHIN, I DRIFTED ON TOWARDS DAVIDSTOWN. MY HOME WAS THERE.
NOTHING WOULD TAKE IT FROM ME.
9

THEY SAID I CAN'T LIVE THERE ANYMORE, NOW THAT JON'S GONE.
PLUS, THEY SUSPENDED MY EXPENSE ACCOUNT, SO ALL I HAVE IS MY SAVINGS. IT WAS JUST "OKAY, WE'RE TAKING YOUR HOME AND MONEY. CHEW ON THAT."
SO, WHERE WILL YOU STAY? DID YOU CALL YOUR MOTHER?
OH, SHE'D LOVE THAT. I'D SOONER SLEEP ON A GRATING.
NAH, I'LL GET BY. IT JUST BURNS MY ASS TO BE SO DAMN DISPOSABLE.
ANYWAY, THANKS FOR BUYING ME LUNCH. I BETTER GO FIND A CHEAP ROOM SOMEWHERE.
SAY, ARE YOU OKAY? YOU LOOK KINDA UNCOMFORTABLE...
NO. NO, I'M FINE. I GUESS I'LL SEE YOU AROUND SOME TIME.
SURE. 'BYE, DAN.
LAURIE, WAIT.
YOU KNOW THERE'S, UH, THERE'S ALWAYS MY PLACE.
OH, I COULDN'T IMPOSE ...
OH, IT'D BE NO IMPOSITION. I HAVE A LOT OF ROOM THERE.
I MEAN, WE'RE BOTH FRIENDS; WE'RE BOTH IN THE SAME LINE OF WORK; WE'RE BOTH, UHH... WE'RE BOTH...
WE'RE BOTH LEFTOVERS.
10

RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL. OCTOBER 21ST, 1985 =
WOKEN AT ELEVEN BY SHOUTING OUTSIDE. DISTURBED TO FIND I HAD FALLEN ASLEEP WITHOUT REMOVING THE SKIN FROM MY HEAD. TIREDER THAN I THOUGHT. SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL.
ACROSS STREET, BOYS WITH SPRAY CANS WERE DEFACING ABANDONED BUILDING. MEMORIZED THEIR DESCRIPTIONS, THEN PREPARED FOR WORK.
FIRST, PEELED OFF FACE, FOLDED IT, HID INSIDE JACKET. WITHOUT MY FACE, NOBODY KNOWS.
NOBODY KNOWS WHO I AM.
ON WAY OUT OF ROOM, MET LANDLADY. USUAL COMPLAINTS RE HYGIENE AND RENT. THERE WERE PURPLE BITE MARKS ON HER FAT WHITE NECK. FRESH ONES.
SHE REMINDS ME OF MY MOTHER.
OUT IN STREET, INSPECTED DEFACED BUILDING: SILHOUETTE PICTURE IN DOORWAY, MAN AND WOMAN, POSSIBLY INDULGING IN SEXUAL FOREPLAY.
DIDN'T LIKE IT. MAKES DOORWAY LOOK HAUNTED.
ON FORTIETH AND SEVENTH, SAW DREIBERG AND JUSPECZYK LEAVING DINER. THEY DIDN'T KNOW ME.
AN AFFAIR, PERHAPS? DID JUSPECZYK ENGINEER DR. MANHATTAN'S EXILE TO MAKE ROOM FOR DREIBERG? ALSO, SHE HATED COMEDIAN. MUST INVESTIGATE FURTHER.
ENTERING DINER, BOUGHT COFFEE THEN SAT WATCHING MY MAILDROP, IMMEDIATELY ACROSS STREET.
PASSERS-BY MADE VARIOUS DEPOSITS: CANDY WRAPPERS, NEWSPAPERS, A PAIR OF KEDS STRANGLED BY OWN LACES, TONGUES LOLLING OUT HORRIBLY.
Gunga Diner
THIS CITY IS AN ANIMAL, FIERCE AND COMPLICATED. TO UNDERSTAND IT I READ ITS DROPPINGS, ITS SCENTS, THE MOVEMENT OF ITS PARASITES...
I SAT WATCHING THE TRASHCAN, AND NEW YORK OPENED ITS HEART TO ME.
Gunga Diner
11

TELLYA THE TRUTH, THIS WHOLE BLOODY MESS, IT GIVES ME A FUNNY FEELIN' INSIDE, Y'KNOW?
THERE WAS A GULL IN MY STOMACH.
AFGHANISTAN: IS PAKISTAN NEXT?
IT'S LIKE, I DUNNO HOW LONG WE CAN HOLD ON.
AS THE SUN CLAMBERED PRECARIOUSLY OVER THE WORLD'S SLIPPERY RIM, THE ENORMITY OF MY SAVAGE BREAKFAST STRUCK ME AND I GREW FAINT.
I'D SWALLOWED TOO MUCH BIRDFLESH. I'D SWALLOWED TOO MUCH HORROR.
I MEAN, WORLD WAR THREE, IT'S A NIGHTMARE. THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO CAN EVEN THINK ABOUT IT ARE THE ARMS COMPANIES.
YOU WATCH. YOU WATCH THE FINANCIAL PAGES. THOSE GUYS, THEY'RE GONNA MAKE A KILLING.
EVERYTHING TILTED. ABOVE, SCAVENGERS WHEELED HUNGRILY, JUST SCREAMS DRESSED IN FEATHERS.
THEY'RE GREEDY. GREEDY FOR CASH THEY WON'T HAVE THE TIME TO SPEND.
I MEAN, DON'T PEOPLE SEE THE SIGNS? DON'T THEY KNOW WHERE THIS IS HEADED?
HEY, MAN, I'M READING.
AFGHAN PAKISTA
SEE? APATHY! EVERYBODY ESCAPIN' INTO COMIC BOOKS AN' T.V.! MAKES ME SICK.
THE GULLS' SLAUGHTERHOUSE CHORUS AFFORDED NO DISTRACTION FROM MY NAUSEA, AND I FELL, RETCHING, TO MY KNEES. BETWEEN MY RAFT'S TIMBERS, BOSUN RIDLEY STARED UP AT ME.
THIS SUDDEN CONFRONTATION WITH MORTALITY INDUCED AN ODD CLARITY WITHIN ME.
I MEAN, ALL THIS, IT COULD ALL BE GONE: PEOPLE, CARS, T.V. SHOWS, MAGAZINES...
EVEN THE WORD 'GONE' WOULD BE GONE.
SEE, NEWS-VENDORS UNDERSTAND. THEY GET TO SEE THE WHOLE PICTURE.
LIGHT-HEADED, I GAZED INTO THE INVERTED WORLD BENEATH, WHERE DROWNED GULLS CIRCLED. A MADMAN WITH BLOOD-CAKED LIPS GAZED BACK AT ME.
HIS EYES, HIS NOSE, HIS CHEEKS SEEMED INDIVIDUALLY FAMILIAR, BUT MERCIFULLY I COULD NOT PIECE THEM TOGETHER. NOT INTO A FACE I KNEW.
IT'S OUR CURSE. WE SEE EVERY DAMNED CONNECTION.
EVERY DAMNED LINK.
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12

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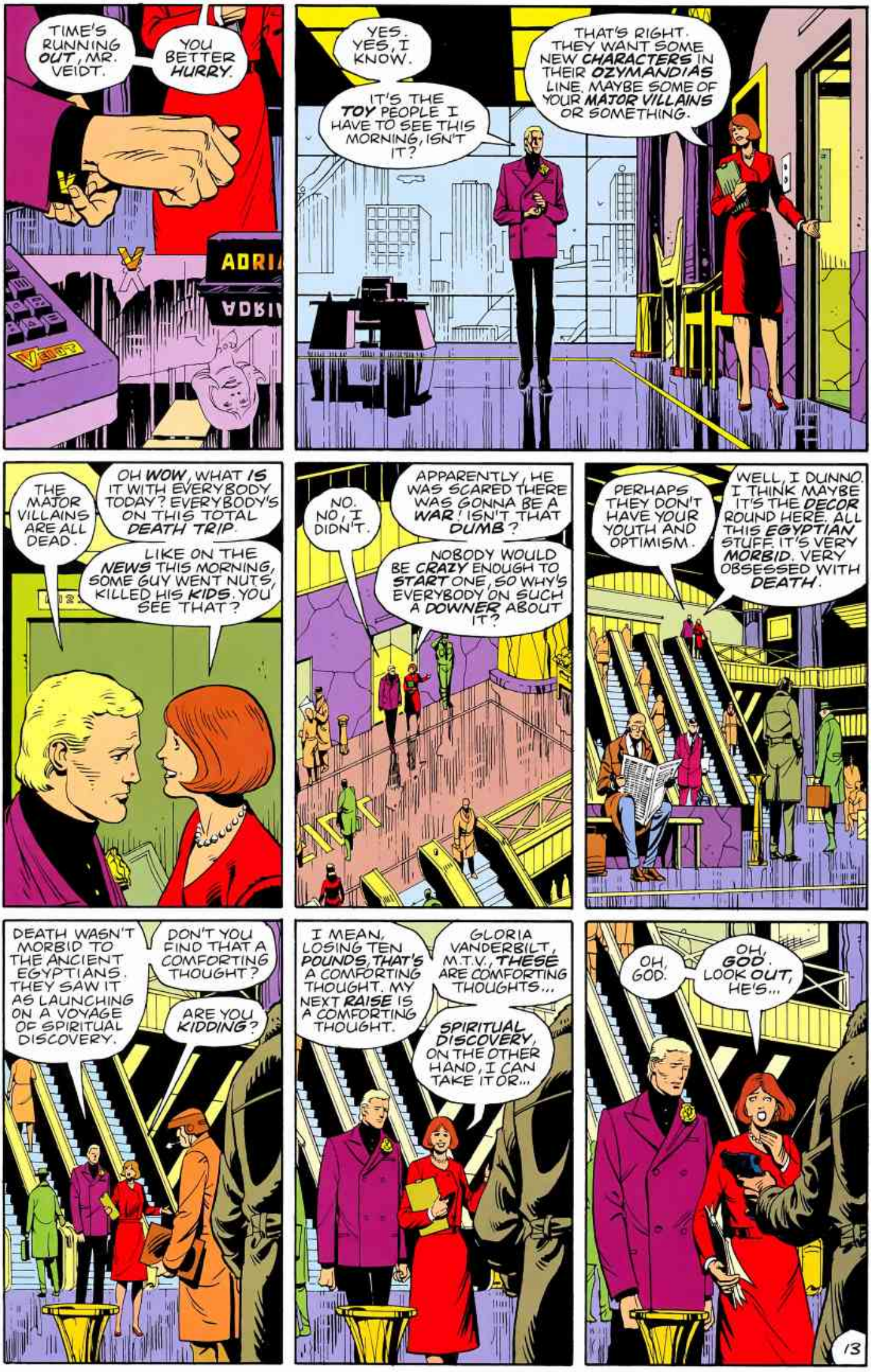
TIME'S RUNNING OUT, MR. VEIDT.
YOU BETTER HURRY.
YES. YES, I KNOW.
IT'S THE TOY PEOPLE I HAVE TO SEE THIS MORNING, ISN'T IT?
THAT'S RIGHT. THEY WANT SOME NEW CHARACTERS IN THEIR OZYMANDIAS LINE. MAYBE SOME OF YOUR MAJOR VILLAINS OR SOMETHING.
THE MAJOR VILLAINS ARE ALL DEAD.
OH WOW, WHAT IS IT WITH EVERYBODY TODAY? EVERYBODY'S ON THIS TOTAL DEATH TRIP.
LIKE ON THE NEWS THIS MORNING, SOME GUY WENT NUTS, KILLED HIS KIDS. YOU SEE THAT?
NO. NO, I DIDN'T.
APPARENTLY, HE WAS SCARED THERE WAS GONNA BE A WAR! ISN'T THAT DUMB?
NOBODY WOULD BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO START ONE, SO WHY'S EVERYBODY ON SUCH A DOWNER ABOUT IT?
PERHAPS THEY DON'T HAVE YOUR YOUTH AND OPTIMISM.
WELL, I DUNNO. I THINK MAYBE IT'S THE DECOR ROUND HERE. ALL THIS EGYPTIAN STUFF. IT'S VERY MORBID. VERY OBSESSED WITH DEATH.
DEATH WASN'T MORBID TO THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS. THEY SAW IT AS LAUNCHING ON A VOYAGE OF SPIRITUAL DISCOVERY.
DON'T YOU FIND THAT A COMFORTING THOUGHT?
ARE YOU KIDDING?
I MEAN, LOSING TEN POUNDS, THAT'S A COMFORTING THOUGHT. MY NEXT RAISE IS A COMFORTING THOUGHT.
GLORIA VANDERBILT, M.T.V., THESE ARE COMFORTING THOUGHTS...
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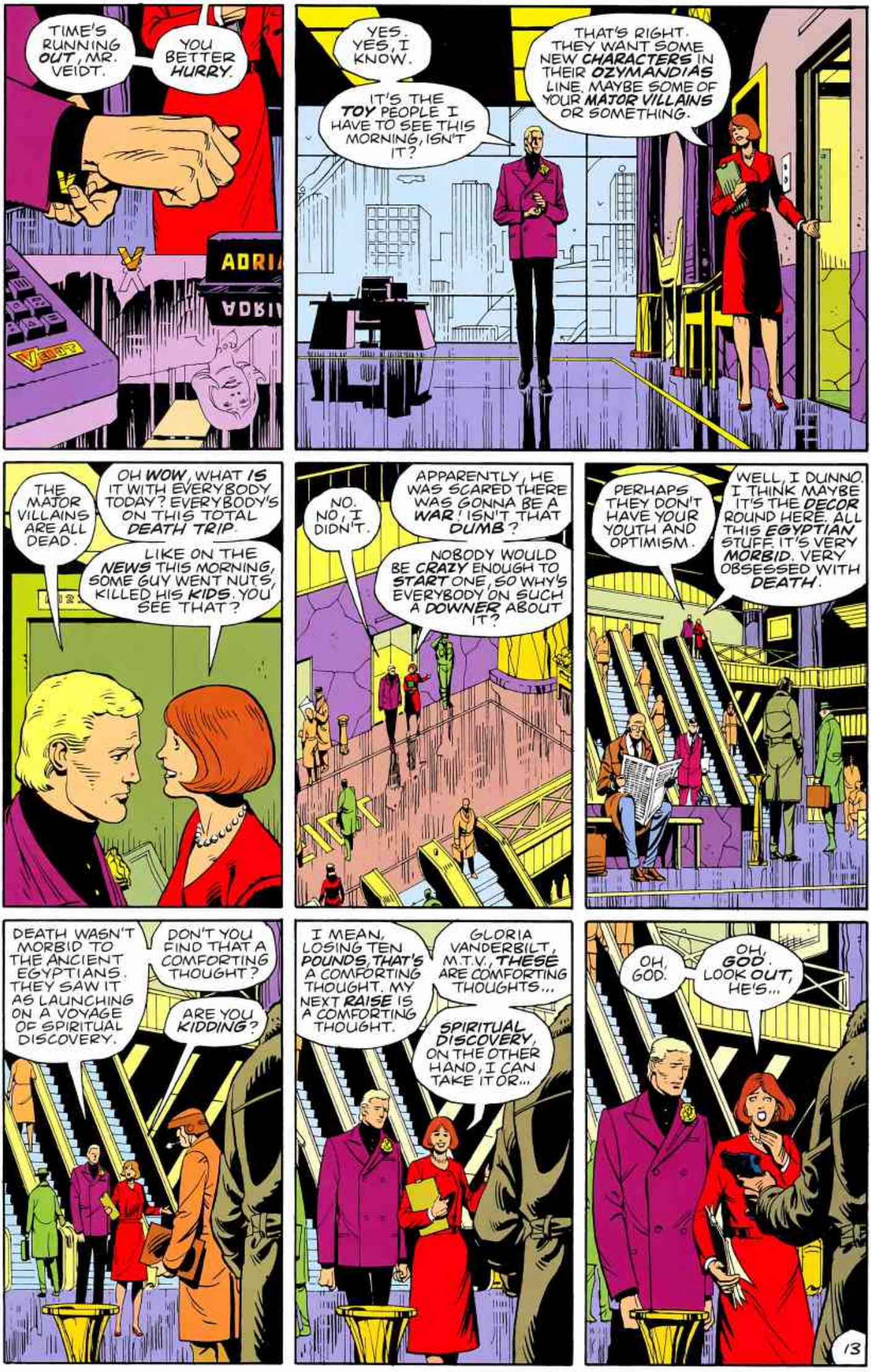
OH, GOD.
OH, GOD. LOOK OUT, HE'S...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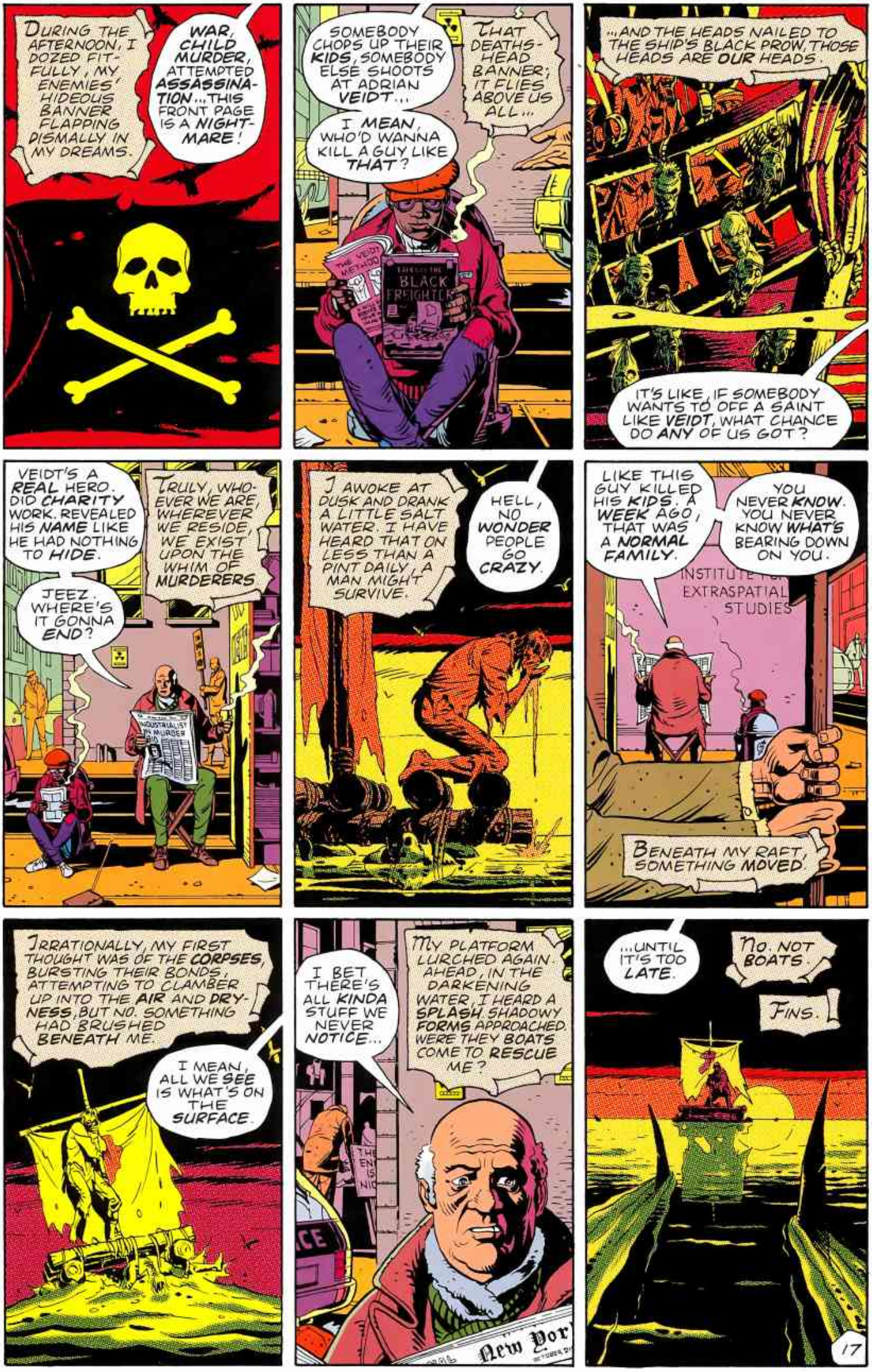
OH, GOD.
OH, GOD. LOOK OUT, HE'S...

UNNNGH...
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN...? NO. OPEN YOUR MOUTH.
OPEN IT!
OH, JEEZ.
MR. VEIDT, STAND BACK. WE CAN HANDLE IT NOW...
SHUT UP. HE'S GOT A POISON CAPSULE.
DON'T BITE DOWN! DON'T BITE DOWN, YOU SCUM.
I WANT TO KNOW WHO SENT YOU!
I WANT TO KNOW WHO'S BEHIND THIS.
AK.
DAMN.
CALL THE TOY PEOPLE AND CANCEL THE EXTENSION OF THE OZYMANDIAS LINE.
IF THEY ASK WHY, JUST TELL THEM I DON'T HAVE ANY ENEMIES.
16


DURING THE AFTERNOON, I DOZED FITFULLY, MY ENEMIES' HIDEOUS BANNER FLAPPING DISMALLY IN MY DREAMS.
WAR, CHILD MURDER, ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION... THIS FRONT PAGE IS A NIGHTMARE!
SOMEBODY CHOPS UP THEIR KIDS, SOMEBODY ELSE SHOOTS AT ADRIAN VEIDT...
I MEAN, WHO'D WANNA KILL A GUY LIKE THAT?
THAT DEATHS-HEAD BANNER; IT FLIES ABOVE US ALL...
THE VEIDT METHOD
BLACK FREIGHTER
...AND THE HEADS NAILED TO THE SHIP'S BLACK PROW, THOSE HEADS ARE OUR HEADS.
IT'S LIKE, IF SOMEBODY WANTS TO OFF A SAINT LIKE VEIDT, WHAT CHANCE DO ANY OF US GOT?
VEIDT'S A REAL HERO. DID CHARITY WORK. REVEALED HIS NAME LIKE HE HAD NOTHING TO HIDE.
TRULY, WHOEVER WE ARE, WHEREVER WE RESIDE, WE EXIST UPON THE WHIM OF MURDERERS.
JEEZ. WHERE'S IT GONNA END?
I AWOKE AT DUSK AND DRANK A LITTLE SALT WATER. I HAVE HEARD THAT ON LESS THAN A PINT DAILY, A MAN MIGHT SURVIVE.
HELL, NO WONDER PEOPLE GO CRAZY.
LIKE THIS GUY KILLED HIS KIDS. A WEEK AGO, THAT WAS A NORMAL FAMILY.
YOU NEVER KNOW. YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT'S BEARING DOWN ON YOU.
INSTITUTE FOR EXTRASPATIAL STUDIES
BENEATH MY RAFT, SOMETHING MOVED.
IRRATIONALLY, MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS OF THE CORPSES, BURSTING THEIR BONDS, ATTEMPTING TO CLAMBER UP INTO THE AIR AND DRYNESS, BUT NO. SOMETHING HAD BRUSHED BENEATH ME.
I MEAN, ALL WE SEE IS WHAT'S ON THE SURFACE.
I BET THERE'S ALL KINDA STUFF WE NEVER NOTICE...
MY PLATFORM LURCHED AGAIN. AHEAD, IN THE DARKENING WATER, I HEARD A SPLASH. SHADOWY FORMS APPROACHED. WERE THEY BOATS COME TO RESCUE ME?
New Yor
...UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE.
NO. NOT BOATS.
FINS.
17

RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL. OCTOBER 21ST, 1985 =
SOMEONE TRIED TO KILL VEIDT. PROVES 'MASK KILLER' THEORY. MURDERER IS CLOSING IN.
CHECKED MAILDROP. MESSAGE FROM MOLOCH. CONNECTED PERHAPS?
R-
Call tonight, 11:30 p.m. Have information. URGENT.
Jacobi
NEXT, WENT TO RETRIEVE FACE FROM ALLEY. OUTSIDE UTOPIA, POLICE RESTRAINED A YOUTH ON KT-28S.
HE WAS SCREAMING SOMETHING ABOUT PRESIDENT NIXON. SOMETHING ABOUT BOMBS.
UTOPIA C
THINGS TO COM
IS EVERYONE BUT ME GOING MAD? OVER 40TH STREET, AN ELEPHANT WAS DRIFTING.
Gunga Diner
BEYOND THAT, UNSEEN, SPY SATELLITES. IF THEY SO MUCH AS NARROW THEIR GLASS EYES, WE SHALL ALL BE DEAD.
THIS RELENTLESS WORLD: THERE IS ONLY ONE SANE RESPONSE TO IT.
THE ALLEYWAY WAS COLD AND DESERTED.
MY THINGS WERE WHERE I'D LEFT THEM.
WAITING FOR ME.
PUTTING THEM ON, I ABANDONED MY DISGUISE AND BECAME MYSELF, FREE FROM FEAR OR WEAKNESS OR LUST.
Oh, how the ghost of
MY COAT, MY SHOES, MY SPOTLESS GLOVES.
MY FACE.
HAD THREE HOURS BEFORE CALLING ON MOLOCH.
AWAY DOWN ALLEY, HEARD WOMAN SCREAM, FIRST BUBBLING NOTE OF CITY'S EVENING CHORUS.
APPROACHED DISTURBANCE. AN ATTEMPTED RAPE/MUGGING/BOTH.
CLEARED THROAT. THE MAN TURNED AND THERE WAS SOMETHING REWARDING IN HIS EYES.
SOMETIMES, THE NIGHT IS GENEROUS TO ME.
18

RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL. OCTOBER 21ST, 1985 =
SOMEONE TRIED TO KILL VEIDT. PROVES 'MASK KILLER' THEORY. MURDERER IS CLOSING IN.
CHECKED MAILDROP. MESSAGE FROM MOLOCH. CONNECTED PERHAPS?
R-
Call tonight, 11:30 p.m. Have information. URGENT.
Jacobi
NEXT, WENT TO RETRIEVE FACE FROM ALLEY. OUTSIDE UTOPIA, POLICE RESTRAINED A YOUTH ON KT-28S.
HE WAS SCREAMING SOMETHING ABOUT PRESIDENT NIXON. SOMETHING ABOUT BOMBS.
UTOPIA C
THINGS TO COM
IS EVERYONE BUT ME GOING MAD? OVER 40TH STREET, AN ELEPHANT WAS DRIFTING.
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SOMETIMES, THE NIGHT IS GENEROUS TO ME.
18

DAN, REALLY, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GRATEFUL I AM FOR THIS.
AFTER WHERE I THOUGHT I WAS GONNA BE SLEEPING TONIGHT, THIS IS LIKE HEAVEN.
WELL, YOU KNOW, IT ISN'T MUCH BUT IT SHOULD BE COMFORTABLE AND I'M SLEEPING RIGHT DOWN THE HALL IF YOU WAKE UP IN THE NIGHT AND NEED ANYTHING.
UH, LIKE COFFEE. OR ASPIRIN. STUFF LIKE THAT.
OH, I'LL BE FINE. I'M SO TIRED I'M GONNA SLEEP TILL THURSDAY. THANKS FOR LOOKING OUT FOR ME, DAN. YOU'RE LIKE A BIG BROTHER, YOU KNOW THAT?
SURE. WELL, GLAD I COULD HELP.
GOODNIGHT, LAURIE.
G'NIGHT, DAN.
SWEET DREAMS.
HELL AND DAMNATION.
19

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GOODNIGHT, LAURIE.
G'NIGHT, DAN.
SWEET DREAMS.
HELL AND DAMNATION.
19

GOOD READERS, KNOW THIS: HADES IS WET. HADES IS LONELY.
TEETH THAT SEEMED TO MOVE INDEPENDENTLY OF THE LIPS TORE AT MY RAFT'S SUPPORTS. TINY PREHISTORIC EYES GLISTENED, SEEMING MAD WITH RAGE EVEN IN REPOSE.
WHATEVER WAS BENEATH MY BOAT COMMENCED A VIOLENT THRASHING, ALMOST SPILLING ME AMONGST THE GNAWING HORRORS.
I CLUNG TO MY MAST AS THE PLATFORM TILTED FURTHER. THE WATER BEGAN TO BOIL WHITE. SOMETHING WAS SURFACING.
HOW SHALL I DESCRIBE IT? IT WAS MASSIVE, LIKE NO SHARK I'D EVER HEARD TELL OF, WITH SKIN NEITHER BLACK NOR WHOLLY WHITE, BUT A PALE AND MOTTLED YELLOW.
FURTHER, IT WAS ENTANGLED IN MY ROPES.
TERRIFIED LEST IT SHOULD RE-SUBMERGE AND DRAG ME WITH IT, I FELL TO MY KNEES CLUTCHING A SPLINTER OF MAST THAT HAD SNAPPED OFF IN MY HAND.
THE SHARK'S STAINED MARBLE EYE LOOKED UP AT ME...
... AND, IN THAT INSTANT, WE KNEW EACH OTHER.
HALF BLIND; HALF DEAD; WHOLLY DERANGED BY AGONY; THE YELLOW LEVIATHAN ATTEMPTED TO SWIM AWAY, DRAGGING MY RAFT IN ITS BLOODY WAKE.
I HUNG ON DESPERATELY, CURSING IN THE BITTER, STINGING SPRAY.
20

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20

THIS GODDAMN PAIN IN THE BUTT RAIN! DON'T IT EVER LET UP?
EVENTUALLY, THE SHARK DIED...
... AND SHORTLY THEREAFTER STOPPED SWIMMING.
WHO NEEDS IT? THIS WHOLE JOB'S LIKE PADDLING AGAINST THE TIDE!
WORKING THE STREETS THESE DAYS TAKES A REAL MENSCH.
MAN, CAB DRIVING'S BUSTING MY NUTS! GIMME A COPY HUSTLER.
HI, JOEY. HOW'S THE PROMETHEAN? STILL BRINGING LIGHT TO THE WORLD?
RELIEF WAS FLEETING, MY PROSPECTS STILL DARK.
WE SURE NEED LIGHT WITH THIS AFGHANISTAN CRAPOLA.
AHH, AFGHANISTAN'S A LONG WAY AWAY.
WHO'S THIS MONTH'S CENTERFOLD?
THE OTHER SHARKS CIRCLED, CLOSER THAN WAS COMFORTABLE.
IT'S PAKISTAN OUGHTTA WORRY. THEY'RE WIDE OPEN.
MMM.
WELL, WE'RE ALL PRETTY VULNERABLE.
THEY WORRIED THE MORSELS FROM MY RAFT, WHICH I PRAYED WOULD SATISFY THEM.
THAT REMINDS ME. I GOTTA POSTER MAYBE YOU COULD DISPLAY, SO IT WON'T GET TORN UP.
AFTER EATING, THEY DEPARTED, REPLETE. FOR THE MOMENT, I WAS SAFE.
THAT NIGHT, EATING SHARK, I WOULD HAVE CHUCKLED AT THE INVERSION OF NATURAL ROLES HAD NOT MY PARCHED LAUGHTER SEEMED SO HATEFUL.
GAY WOMEN AGAINST RAPE?
IS THIS A JOKE?
IT'S A BENEFIT GIG. NOW YOU GONNA NAIL IT UP OR AM I GONNA ALTER YOUR LOOKS?
MY RAFT GREW INCREASINGLY GROTESQUE, REFLECTING MY OWN GRADUAL TRANSFORMATION.
PINK TRIANGLE LIVE AT THE
GAY WOMEN AGAINST RAPE
BENEFIT
CONCERT
WITH SUCH THOUGHTS TO COMFORT ME, I DRIFTED ON, MASTLESS INTO THE DAWN.
"BRINGING LIGHT TO THE WORLD."
MY ASS.
PINK TRIANGLE LIVE AT THE
21

Y'KNOW, THE WAY THE WORLD IS TODAY, I GUESS NONE O' THESE MESSIAHS AND ILLUMINATED TYPES REALLY AMOUNTED TO A WHOLE HILL OF BEANS.
THAT'S THE PHONE.
WELL, THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANY MARKET FOR PEACE AND ENLIGHTENMENT.
HEH. I USED TO OWN THE RECORD HAD THIS SLEEVE DESIGN.
HANDS OFF. IT'S EVIDENCE. INCIDENTALLY, THE PHONE'S RINGING.
SURE. Y'KNOW, ALL TODAY I'VE HAD THIS FUNNY FEELING. IT'S LIKE THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE AIR...
Gunga Diner
THAT'S SOUND WAVES, MAN. THEY'RE COMING FROM THE PHONE.
NO, I MEAN, FIRST THAT KIDDIE MURDER, THEN SOMEBODY TRIES TO WHACK ADRIAN VEIDT. IT'S LIKE THERE'S A PATTERN, LEADING SOMEWHERE. IT'S...
STEVE, WILLYA JUST ANSWER THE GODDAMN PHONE?
I MEAN, I'D DO IT MYSELF IF I DIDN'T HAVE ALL THIS BLAKE CASE PAPERWORK THAT YOU FORGOT ABOUT...
OKAY, OKAY, I'M ANSWERING IT.
HELLO? YEAH, DETECTIVE FINE SPEAKING.
A TIP? SURE. WHAT'S YOUR NAME..?
NO NAME, HUH? OKAY, THAT'S ACCEPTABLE. SO WHAT DO YOU HAVE?
RAW WHAT? DID YOU SAY SHARK? RAW SHARK? WHY SHOULD I WANT TO KNOW WHERE TO FIND...
BLAKE E 801108
...RAW SHARK.
BLAKE E 801108
OKAY. YEAH, I KNOW WHO WE'RE TALKING ABOUT. NOW WHERE..? OKAY. GOT THAT. WHEN WILL HE BE THERE? IS HE..?
YEAH. UNDERSTOOD. WE'RE ON OUR WAY. 'BYE.
STEVE, YOU'RE KIDDING! THAT WASN'T ABOUT ..?
DAMN RIGHT IT WAS. AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, SOMEBODY JUST HANDED US THAT BASTARD'S HEAD ON A PLATE.
C'MON, MAN. WE GOT A DATE. LET'S GO IGNORE SOME RED LIGHTS.
22

ELEVEN THIRTY.
GOOD EVENING, JACOBI.
23

GOT YOUR NOTE. BEEN WONDERING WHY YOU WANTED TO SEE ME.
SOMEBODY TRIED TO SHOOT THE WORLD'S SMARTEST MAN TODAY.
HEAR ABOUT THAT?
THE COMEDIAN, DR. MANHATTAN, OZYMANDIAS... SOMEBODY'S KILLING MASKS, JACOBI. SOMEBODY WANTS US DEAD.
MAYBE SOME OLD ENEMY. MAYBE SOMEONE YOU MET IN PRISON.
BEEN RUNNING THROUGH NAMES.
WAS IT UNDERBOSS? WAS IT JIMMY THE GIMMICK OR THE KING OF SKIN? LOT OF QUESTIONS. NO ANSWERS.
MAYBE YOU CAN ENLIGHTEN ME.
RORSCHACH?
24

HELLO IN THERE?
JEEZ, HE BETTER BE HERE. IF THAT WAS A BUM TIP...
YOU SEE THAT LOCK, MAN? HE'S BEEN HERE ALRIGHT.
WE'LL TAKE THE GROUND FLOOR FIRST AND WORK UP.
AND REMEMBER, HERE BE TYGERS. WATCH OUT HE DOESN'T ...
YAAAAAAGH!
OH, SHIT...
I'M ON FIRE! OH, GOD, I'M BURNING!
WATCH OUT! WATCH OUT, HE'S TORCHING THE STAIRS ...
OH, CHRIST, WHAT HAPPENED? GET SOME WATER FROM THE KITCHEN AND PUT THIS OUT!
GET AFTER HIM. THERE'S NO WAY OUT!
OH, JEEZ.
HEY! WE NEED MORE WATER UP HERE! AND WHERE'S OUR GODDAMNED BACKUP?
WHERE IS HE? ALL THIS SMOKE...
HE'S :HUFF: HE'S JUST AHEAD ON THE :HURRF: ON THE THIRD FLOOR.
DAMMIT, ARE THEY FOLLOWING US, OR WHAT?
THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US. OKAY... OKAY, HE'S UP HERE SOMEWHERE...
MAN, I DON'T LIKE THIS. THE GUY'S AN ANIMAL...
26

... BUT AT LEAST ACCORDING TO THE FACT SHEETS HE DON'T USUALLY GO ARMED. HE...

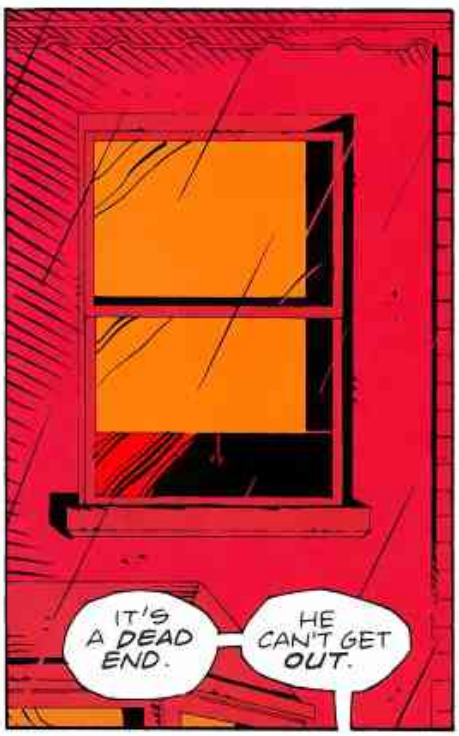
AAAA! JESUS GOD, MY EYES!
GET OUT OF THE WAY! GET OUT OF THE WAY, I DON'T HAVE ROOM TO...
HELP ME, MAN. I CAN'T SEE...

...SHOOT...

CHARLIE, WHAT'S HAPPENING? MY EYES, MAN. MY EYES...
WILLIS AND GREAVES ARE HURT. FORGET THE FIRE AND FOR GODSAKES GET UP HERE!
AAHUH.
AAAHH-HUHG.

HE'S IN THE BEDROOM! WE'VE GOT HIM!
CHARLIE? IS CHARLIE HURT? I CAN'T SEE. WHAT'S GOING ON?

WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE, STEVE? THAT WAS SOMEONE SCREAMING ...
IT'S OKAY. IT'S OKAY, WE'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED. WE MUST HAVE.


IT'S A DEAD END.
HE CAN'T GET OUT.

RRAAAARRL

NO! MY FACE! GIVE IT BACK!
WELL? WHO IS HE?
WHO IS HE? THIS UGLY LITTLE ZERO IS THE TERROR OF THE UNDERWORLD ...AND WE'RE GONNA LOCK HIM UP WITH THEM. IT'S KARMA, MAN. EVERYTHING EVENS OUT EVENTUALLY.

Tyger, Tyger
burning bright,
In the forests
of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

—William Blake

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A MAN ON FIFTEEN DEAD MEN'S CHESTS

As discussed in our last chapter, the close of the 1950s saw E.C.'s line of Pirate titles dominating the marketplace from a near unassailable position. The brief surge of anti-comic book sentiment in the mid-fifties, while it could conceivably have damaged E.C. as a company, had instead come to nothing and left them stronger as a result. With the government of the day coming down squarely on the side of comic books in an effort to protect the image of certain comic book-inspired agents in their employ, it was as if the comic industry had suddenly been given the blessing of Uncle Sam himself—or at least J. Edgar Hoover. Unsurprisingly, as one of the few companies to anticipate the coming massive boom in pirate-related material, E.C. flourished and their hold upon the field remained unchallenged.

Until May, 1960. That date saw the first publication of an extraordinary new title from National Comics, now DC. The book was called 'Tales of the Black Freighter', and while its sales never quite topped those of the E.C. giants such as PIRACY and BUCCANEERS, in terms of critical acclaim and influence upon later books of the same type, TALES OF THE BLACK FREIGHTER made an impression upon the comic book landscape that remains to this day. Indeed, with DC comics currently reprinting the first classic thirty issues of the title and apparently meeting with considerable success, it would seem that its impact remains undiluted despite the quarter century that has elapsed since the original publication.

What exactly was it that made TALES OF THE BLACK FREIGHTER so special? Despite the fact that nowadays most people are attracted by the controversy surrounding the later issues of the book, it should be remembered that this title was very popular from the outset. So: What was it that fascinated all those thousands of readers in the first place?

Well, to begin with, it was almost certainly the artwork of Joe Orlando, who drew the entire book from its first issue through issue nine, with the exception of GALAPAGOS JONES, a rather insipid back-up feature that lasted until issue six. Orlando, having been successfully tempted away from his well-received run of 'SARGASSO SEA STORIES' in E.C.'s PIRACY by National editor Julius Schwartz, was regarded as a star amongst pirate artists, and a prize catch. Having adapted more smoothly from science fiction and horror to the different atmospheric demands of pirate stories than many of his E.C. contemporaries, he was perhaps the best respected artist in a rapidly burgeoning field, and fans awaited the first issue of TALES OF THE BLACK FREIGHTER with relish.

Nor were they disappointed. The first issue is classic Orlando. The script—by then-newcomer Max Shea—while sturdy enough, is cliched and predictable in comparison with the work that Shea did later, and in that first issue was easily outshone by the darkly compelling majesty of Orlando's textures, shadows and faces.

The story served as an introduction to the vessel that lent the book its title, and which was itself apparently borrowed from a ship referred to in Brecht and Weill's 'THREEPENNY OPERA'. In that first story, three men with different paths through life have all been led to the same dockside tavern in search of work. The place is deserted save for a shadowy innkeeper who serves them ale in silence and the large, dark figure of a sea captain who sits at the next table and listens to them recount their stories to each other.

The stories are recounted as small, self-contained tales within the larger narrative that frames them, and are all effective if predictable twist-ending yarns that reveal the various tellers to be utterly unprincipled and worthless creatures capable of almost any act of treachery. Overhearing their stories, the sea captain says he is impressed and offers them passage upon his ship. By the time the men are aboard the ship and have noticed the dreadful, deathly smell that seems to exude from the ship's timbers, it is too late. The three hapless sailors learn that the ship is a vessel from Hell itself to take on board the souls of evil men so that they may walk its blood-stained decks for all eternity.

The identity of the captain is never made clear—is he meant to be Satan, or is he himself a victim of the ship? But this scarcely matters when confronted with Orlando's breathtaking rendition. From the marvelous scene in the first man's story where two ghouls fight to the death with shovels in the worm-infested tunnels beneath a churchyard, right through the haunting and evocative final shots of the horrible black ship drifting away into the white mist, the art is breathtaking, conveying a tangible sense of doom and evil even in those places where the writing fails to do so.

With the issues that followed, Orlando's art continued to shine while the scripts supplied by Shea

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also began to gradually improve in quality as the writer became used to the medium. With rapidly increasing confidence, Shea began attempting ideas for stories which at the time seemed wildly radical and innovative. The third issue's story, "Between Breaths", is told from the viewpoint of a man who is drowning, alternating between memories of his past life as they flash before his bulging eyes and horrific descriptions of what it is like to drown. Even read today, the story induces an almost tangible sense of suffocation, so that finishing the story and putting the book down is actually a relief. The closing images, with a multitude of dead and drowned men walking across the ocean bed towards the anchor rope of the Black Freighter which they climb to take their rightful positions on board the ship, remain some of Orlando's most haunting work on the series.

By issue five, reader reaction was obviously in favor of the title, and the praise seemed to be divided equally between Orlando and Shea. According to insiders, receiving fan mail for the first time in his life had an adverse effect upon the writer, who began to see himself as the driving force of the book, becoming increasingly resentful of Orlando's clearly important role and harassing the artist with impossibly detailed panel descriptions and endless carping requests for revisions of artwork already drawn.

Despite growing friction within the creative team, both lasted on TALES OF THE BLACK FREIGHTER until the ninth issue, when Orlando asked Schwartz to take him off the book, citing the ego of the writer as being the major factor in his decision. During those nine issues they crafted many memorable stories together, including the most famous of all, "The Shanty of Edward Teach", in issue seven. In this story, narrated in rhyme by the dead pirate Edward Teach (otherwise known as Blackbeard), we first begin to see the dark and pessimistic moral sensibilities showing that were later to form most of Shea's work on the series. These are more than adequately matched by Orlando's artwork, and there can be few readers of that period who will forget the heart-stopping close-up shot of Blackbeard, portrayed as violent and leering evil incarnate, in which he seems to look out at the reader and remind them that their own position is perhaps no more noble than Teach's own: "I tread a lurching timber world, a reeking salt-caked hell; and yet, perhaps, no worse a world than yours, where bishops stroll through charnel yards with pomanders to smell; where vile men thrive and love crawls on all fours."

THIS CABIN-LAD'S GROWN HAGGARD, SO IN THE POT HE GOES AND FROM HIS SKIN WE'LL MAKE A LITTLE DRUM TO BEAT AS WE FIRE HUMAN HEADS FROM CANNONS AT OUR FOES. AND SET THE SEAS ABLAZE WITH BURNING RUM.
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After Orlando's departure, the art for the series was taken over by a relatively unknown but supremely capable artist named Walt Feinberg, previously best known for his work upon numerous western titles where he would often provide excellent fill-in issues that nevertheless seemed

also began to gradually improve in quality as the writer became used to the medium. With rapidly increasing confidence, Shea began attempting ideas for stories which at the time seemed wildly radical and innovative. The third issue's story, "Between Breaths", is told from the viewpoint of a man who is drowning, alternating between memories of his past life as they flash before his bulging eyes and horrific descriptions of what it is like to drown. Even read today, the story induces an almost tangible sense of suffocation, so that finishing the story and putting the book down is actually a relief. The closing images, with a multitude of dead and drowned men walking across the ocean bed towards the anchor rope of the Black Freighter which they climb to take their rightful positions on board the ship, remain some of Orlando's most haunting work on the series.

By issue five, reader reaction was obviously in favor of the title, and the praise seemed to be divided equally between Orlando and Shea. According to insiders, receiving fan mail for the first time in his life had an adverse effect upon the writer, who began to see himself as the driving force of the book, becoming increasingly resentful of Orlando's clearly important role and harassing the artist with impossibly detailed panel descriptions and endless carping requests for revisions of artwork already drawn.

Despite growing friction within the creative team, both lasted on TALES OF THE BLACK FREIGHTER until the ninth issue, when Orlando asked Schwartz to take him off the book, citing the ego of the writer as being the major factor in his decision. During those nine issues they crafted many memorable stories together, including the most famous of all, "The Shanty of Edward Teach", in issue seven. In this story, narrated in rhyme by the dead pirate Edward Teach (otherwise known as Blackbeard), we first begin to see the dark and pessimistic moral sensibilities showing that were later to form most of Shea's work on the series. These are more than adequately matched by Orlando's artwork, and there can be few readers of that period who will forget the heart-stopping close-up shot of Blackbeard, portrayed as violent and leering evil incarnate, in which he seems to look out at the reader and remind them that their own position is perhaps no more noble than Teach's own: "I tread a lurching timber world, a reeking salt-caked hell; and yet, perhaps, no worse a world than yours, where bishops stroll through charnel yards with pomanders to smell; where vile men thrive and love crawls on all fours."

THIS CABIN-LAD'S GROWN HAGGARD, SO IN THE POT HE GOES AND FROM HIS SKIN WE'LL MAKE A LITTLE DRUM TO BEAT AS WE FIRE HUMAN HEADS FROM CANNONS AT OUR FOES. AND SET THE SEAS ABLAZE WITH BURNING RUM.
I TREAD A LURCHING TIMBER WORLD; A REEKING, SALT-CAKED HELL; AND YET, PERHAPS, NO WORSE A WORLD THAN YOURS, WHERE BISHOPS STROLL THROUGH CHARNEL YARDS WITH POMANDERS TO SMELL; WHERE VILE MEN THRIVE AND LOVE CRAWLS ON ALL FOURS.

After Orlando's departure, the art for the series was taken over by a relatively unknown but supremely capable artist named Walt Feinberg, previously best known for his work upon numerous western titles where he would often provide excellent fill-in issues that nevertheless seemed

to go unnoticed when slotted in between the work of great western comic artists such as Gil Kane and Alex Toth. Despite having Orlando's early work on the series to live up to, on TALES OF THE BLACK FREIGHTER, Feinberg was finally given a chance to shine. For some reason, there are few incidents on record relating friction between Feinberg and Shea, and indeed the two of them continued to work together on the book until issue thirty-one, at which point Shea quit (perhaps the moody and temperamental writer was making a deliberate effort to control his behavior, having been taught an expensive lesson by Orlando's departure).

In any event the next twenty or so issues of the book became every bit as much instant classics as the Orlando issues had, a fact not hindered by Shea's gradually developing skill as a writer.

The stories that came from his pen in this period are uniformly dark and sinister, balancing metaphysical terrors against an unnerving sense of reality, particularly when applied to matters of mortality or sexuality. Readers who came to the series expecting a good rousing tale of swashbuckling were either repulsed or fascinated by what were often perverse and blackly lingering comments upon the human condition. Tales such as "The Figurehead", which deal unflinchingly with male homosexuality, and the harrowing "Marooned" spring most readily to mind.

In "Marooned", a two-part story occupying issues twenty-three and twenty-four of the book's run, we see Feinberg and Shea at their blood-freezing best. Unusual in that it is a one-character story narrated mostly in captions, "Marooned" tells the story of a young mariner whose vessel is wrecked by the Black Freighter before it can return to its hometown and warn it of the hell-ship's approach. Cast adrift on an uninhabited island with only his dead shipmates for company, we experience the frantic mariner's torment at the knowledge that while he is trapped on his island, the bestial crew of the Freighter are surely bearing down upon his town, his home, his wife and his children. Driven by his burning desire to avert this calamity, we see the mariner finally escape from the island by what may be one of the most striking and horrific devices thus far in pirate comic books: digging up the recently buried and gas-bloated corpses of his shipmates, the mariner lashes them together and uses them as the floats on an improvised raft on which he hopes to reach the mainland (hence the title of this chapter.) On reaching the mainland safely

upon his horrific craft we see the increasingly distraught and dishevelled mariner trying desperately to reach his home, even resorting to murder to acquire a horse for himself.In the final scenes, thanks to the skillful interplay of text and pictures, we see that the mariner, though he has escaped from his island, is in the end marooned from the rest of humanity in a much more terrible fashion.

Problems set in for the book around issue twenty-five, when Shea began his controversial

TALES OF THE BLACK FREIGHTER

run of issues based around the contents of plundered books in the library of the Freighter's captain, including banned tomes supposedly originally headed for eternal suppression within the vaults of Vatican city when stolen en route by the pirates. Described as 'blatantly pornographic', four of the projected five stories were rejected by DC, which brought about the argument in which Shea quit the book and comics as well, going on to write such classic novels as the twice-filmed FOGDANCING.

At the time of this writing, Shea's whereabouts are unknown. In circumstances as strange as those in any of his stories, the writer apparently vanished from his home one morning and has not been seen since, although police are continuing their inquiries. In his wake he leaves not only a string of excellent novels and screenplays, but also an exemplary run of pirate stories which today fetch mint prices of almost a thousand dollars according to the Overstreet Guide. Stories there to be rediscovered and reexamined, like so many of the fascinating sunken treasures lurking just beneath the surface of this fabulous and compelling genre.

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JOHN HIGGINS
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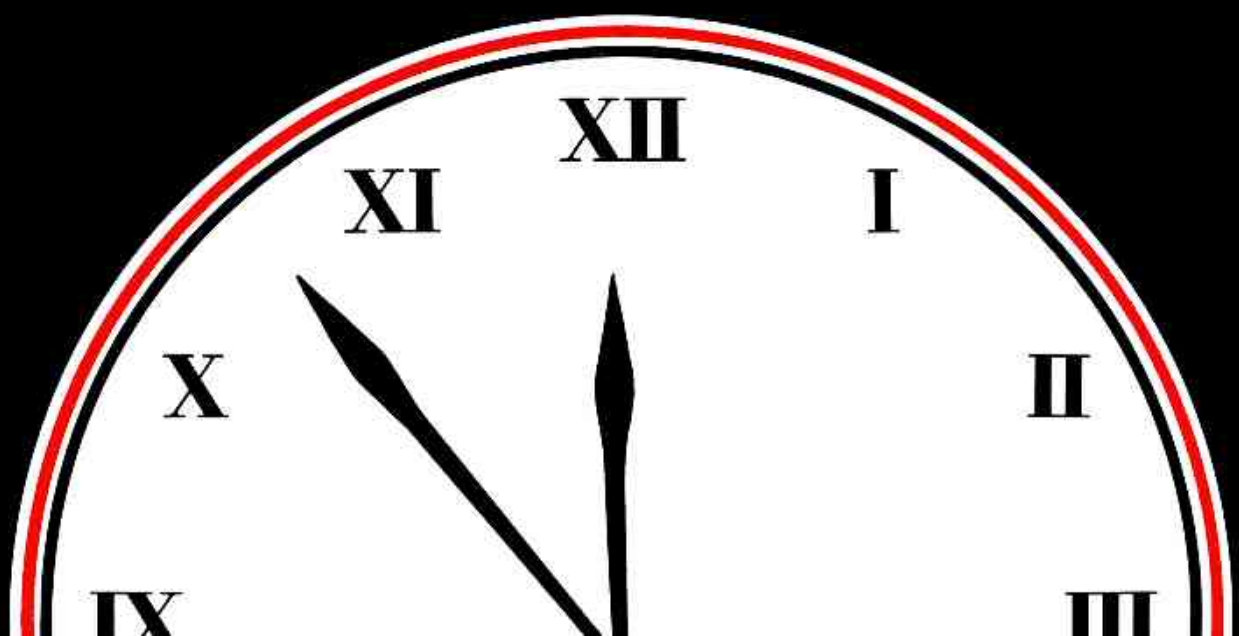
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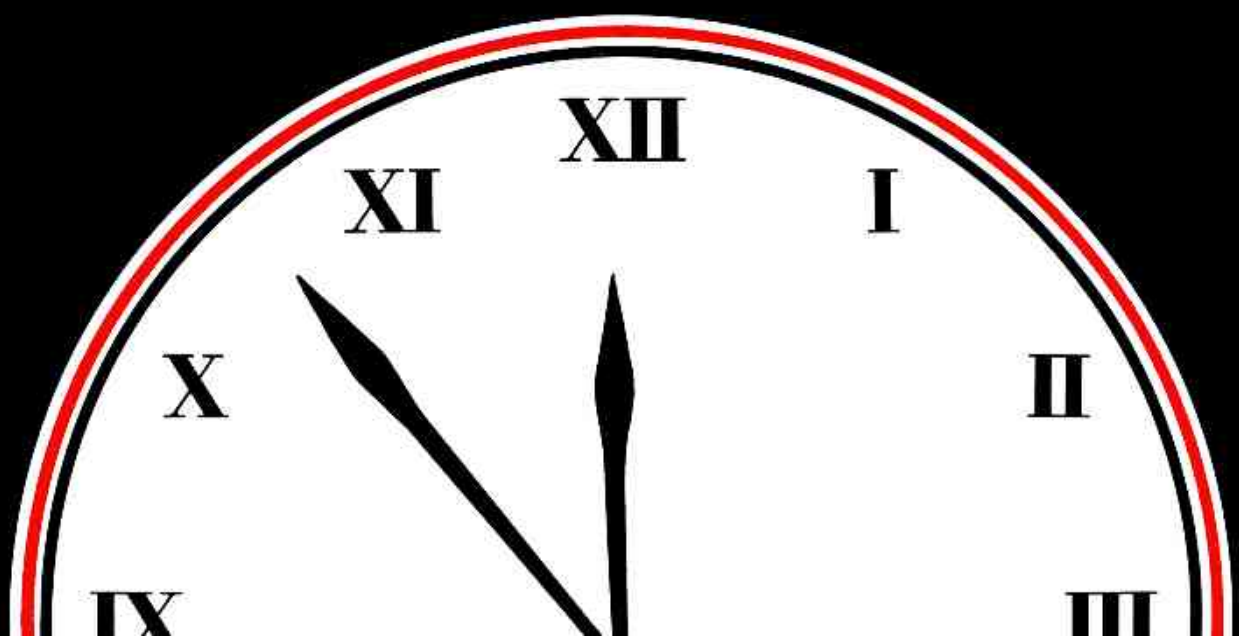
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